

Jesus loves babies they are precious in His sight

The Angel of Light went dark
And Her Guardian Angel cried
As the Preacher Places his hands
Into her Bloomers as she cried out for help

Babies are precious in His sight

The harvesting of souls by the devil
Begin that day
In The Church on Shepherd Avenue
In Cambridge, MD
For when The Preacher placed his hands
Into the babies Bloomers
The members blame the babies
And the preacher kept on preaching

Babies are precious in His sight

Immorally filled their souls
As the preacher kept preaching
The Angels kept crying

Babies are precious in His sight.

The evil slowly like a vine matured in the church
Not one member was spare as the vine bore evil fruit

Babies are precious in His sight

The first baby was my mother
How many more after her, I do know
Babies are precious in His sight
Pray for the babies

Songs by Barry Wyatt

Prayers

My Desires express thought songs are my prayers to god